

## SOME ST. VALENTINE DAY SKETCHES.



A ST. VALENTINE'S DAY REVERIE.



### ROMANCE OF A VALENTINE.

It was the fourteenth day of February and the lovely Estelle was sitting in her luxurious boudoir when a package was handed her which she opened and exclaimed with innocent delight:

"It is a valentine!"

How exquisite this wreath of hand-painted roses—delicately tinted, as all tea-roses should be. And this little pocket! What can it contain? A ring. Amazing. And written on it this motto: "Think of me." There are no Cupids, with bows and arrows, and chains, rhyming with love and dove, charms and alarms, rain and pain, etc.—but a neat blank verse expressing regard and admiration, and conveying no hint of the donor or other information than that he was one unknown to her, who for the loves of art and travel, which had always ruled his life, would soon be far away on the other side of the blue waves.

Estelle took the ring from its hiding place and slipped it on her finger, curious to know if it fitted, then her maiden modesty suggested that she ought not to accept and wear a gift from an unknown giver—and she withdrew it quickly from her finger and determined to return it. But now the question arose: to whom?

After reasoning with her conscience she again put it on her finger. It fitted nicely and produced a mysterious presentiment of coming bliss, and a sensation about her heart which she had never known before painted her cheek with the lovely color of the tea roses on her valentine, and she said emphatically, "He shall be my ideal; I can construct him as I like—I shall make him as handsome as Apollo and as gifted; and who can chide me if I become a hero worshiper?" And he only asks that I think of him.

Her soliloquy and state of curiosity were interrupted by a friend and comrade of the art school, Mrs. Bird, a widow lady of wealth and an enthusiast about art, like herself, whose errand was to propose a journey together to the cradle of art. Estelle was only too glad to accompany her and accepted without hesitation. A feeling she could not account for prevented her from showing her valentine or speaking until long afterward of the little tall man that now seemed almost like a betrothal ring. The congenial friends made their trip a series of delights—and would have regretted reaching their destination so soon if they had not been just in time for one of those annual fetes which the American club of artists delight to celebrate.

As they were speeding along on their pleasure jaunt seated on the deck of a comfortable boat watching their companions and enjoying a delicious breeze and the varied scenery—mountain, crag, castle, monastery and dark forest—Estelle observed a picturesque looking young man, artistically dressed, as suited the occasion, gazing with a sur-



"HER ARTIST FRIEND."

prised and earnest look at herself. His rich brown hair and glowing eyes of the same color reminded her of her ideal, the beautiful hero whom her imagination had created, and she felt the finger encircled by the mysterious ring give a little throb in unison with her heart beat. At this moment to her surprise her friend Mrs. Bird gave him a smile and nod of recognition and before she had time to recover from her confusion of mind, Mrs. Bird requested permission to introduce her artist

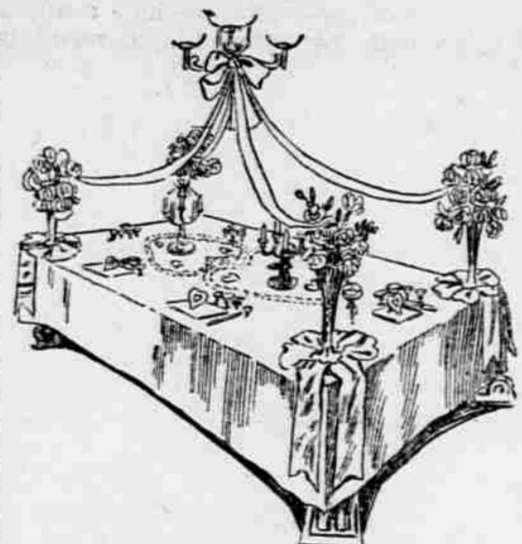
friend, Henry St. Leger, and she very soon found herself absorbed in conversation with the most attractive man she had ever met.

But it was long after this, on another St. Valentine day, when the artist friends homeward bound, sat gazing down into the dark blue waves—that she laughingly gave an account of her first valentine and the little circle of gold, which she observed, but did not know why, attracted his attention and excited his curiosity, that he ventured to tell of his long years' study and self-denial, whilst at the same time he had followed and worshiped a star which he thought too far above him to be obtained, but which he now, by the aid of St. Valentine, hoped would ever more be his guiding spirit.

#### A St. Valentine Dinner.

The New York Herald offered a prize of \$25 for the best design in table decorations for a St. Valentine dinner of six. A large number of drawings were submitted, and the prize was awarded to the design herewith presented.

The table is seven feet by four and a half. The cloth is white satin damask and the center-piece a diamond shaped,



THE DINNER TABLE.

plate glass mirror, eighteen inches long by fourteen wide. Hearts fit about this outlined as solidly as possible in red carnations. Within the hearts stand five branched silver candelabra, with red candle-shades. Three small heart-shaped cut glass dishes filled with heart-shaped chocolates, peppermints and wintergreens, and one with salted almonds, are placed near the candelabra.

At the corners of the table are flat looped bows of satin ribbon, five inches wide, with long ends reaching to the bottom of the table cloth. On each bow is placed a slender cut glass vase, eighteen inches high, with twelve American Beauty roses arranged carelessly. The ribbon should match the roses. From the chandelier four ribbon streamers, four inches wide, of the same shade, are suspended and fastened on to a rose in each vase. In the center a carrier dove is hung, with a small white envelope attached to its neck by a silver cord.

At each corner are four forks, four spoons, two knives and five glasses, for water, champagne, claret, sherry and cordial. On the napkin is placed a white linen picture frame, heart-shaped and embroidered with solid red hearts, outlined in gold. In them may be inserted either the dinner cards or a suitable valentine verse, but who knows if there might not one day be slipped into some of these pretty favors the presentment of that very face which maidens long to dream of on St. Valentine's Eve?

To secure the vases to the table, a simple device may be employed. Sew a piece of kid the size of the standard of the vase, in the center of each bow, then sew each in turn firmly to the tablecloth, and underneath, to the same place, sew a piece of tape in the middle, leaving the ends to tie to the legs of the table or tuck underneath. Mix plaster of paris with water to the consistency of cream, moisten the kid with water and spread a thin layer of the plaster over it. If the vase is placed thereon and held firmly till the plaster sets, no unpleasant disaster like overturning it need be dreaded.

Overexertion on the football field caused the death of Joseph Kapp of Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Ye Olden Valentine.

HE fingers of Time have encrusted with gold The page that I cherish for memories old; I gaze at the couplet that's homely and true, "The rose it is red and the violet blue;"

And here is the heart that was lovingly drawn By one sleeping now at the gates of the Dawn, And oft as I linger o'er picture and line A tear lies empearled on the old valentine.

'Twas wafted to me in the long, long ago, When the world sweetly slept 'neath its blanket of snow, When high on the mountains and deep in the dells We heard the clear notes of the silvery bells; But fairer to me than the feathery fleece, As white as the wings of the Angel of Peace That covered the earth in the winter sunshine, Was the once snowy page of my old valentine.

A thousand have smiled at its quaint little rhyme Who know not the story that clings to its time; It brought to my cheeks then a healthier hue, Love's roses are red and its violets blue—

As red as the cheeks of the sender, I know, As blue as the eyes that I loved long ago; No wonder I cherish in shadow and shine The fast fading truths of the old valentine.

Whenever this page and its rhyming I see The portals of Memory open for me, And back from the years with their shrouding of snow Come a hand and a voice that I missed long ago;

And over a picture that hangs on my wall Rays that are golden a moment doth fall, And beautiful grows in the winter sunshine The wee, crumpled page of the old valentine.

#### Why He Did Not Start.

A lazy man is seldom so very lazy as not to be able to invent some excuse for his inactivity. Harper's Round Table tells a story in point.

Patrick was the captain of a schooner that plied between New York and Haverstraw on the Hudson. One day his schooner was loaded with bricks, ready to start for New York, but Patrick gave no sign of any intention to get under way. Instead of that, he sat on deck smoking a pipe.

The owner of the brickyard, who was also the owner of the schooner, and who had reasons for wishing the bricks landed in New York at the earliest possible moment, came hurrying on board and demanded of the captain why he did not set sail.

"Shure, your honor," said Patrick, "there's no wind." "No wind! Why, what's the matter with you? There's Lawson's schooner under sail, going down the river now." "Yis, I've been watchin' her, but it's no use my gettin' under way. She's got the wind now, and, faith, there isn't enough of it for two."

#### Her Cards Well Played.

The fair young woman looked her bejeweled and florid employer coldly in the face.

"No, Mr. Boodlebush," she said, "I cannot afford to make social acquaintances of those whom I meet in my business life. I must decline to go to dinner with you this evening, and I shall certainly not attend the opera in your company. I am exceedingly sorry, for you have been kind to me. If I have displeased you, be it so. I cannot help it. I am your typewriter. It will become one of my station to speak so to the man whom the whole business world fears and honors and upon whom society has smiled. Yet I speak from the heart. What I have spoken that have I said."

They were married a week later.—New York Herald.

#### The First Valentine.

(According to Darwin.)



#### From Sentimental Sally.

"Sentimental Sally" sends us the following valuable and seasonable contribution: He who would have me for his valentine

Must have no other love than mine; I cannot share his heart, I will not have a part, I must have all, or none. For he my heart has won, And there he reigns alone, A monarch on his throne.

### Peaceful Slumber Unknown.

#### DREADFUL DREAMS DRIVE SLEEP AWAY.

For Eight Years a Lady of Emporia, Kansas, Suffers Unspeaking Agony—She Relates Her Experience.

From the Republican, Emporia, Kan. Mrs. Jennie Carlow resides at 723 Merchant Street, Emporia, Kansas, and is the wife of W. R. Carlow, proprietor of the Carlow Wagon and Blacksmith Works, who is so well known as the "Past Grand" and as one of the most active members in Lodge 15, I. O. O. F., of Emporia.

The distress of a condition of chronic sleeplessness is so terrible. Mrs. Carlow's sufferings from it so well known, our readers will feel sure, will welcome the good news that she is now well, and will be glad to know how the cure was accomplished.

Mrs. Carlow's statement is hereto appended in narrative form: "For many years I was a confirmed invalid, suffering constant pains through my breast and back, of the most excruciating type, rendering me absolutely helpless. I was unable to rise up or lie down without assistance, and was subject on the least exertion to flutterings of the heart and such shortness of breath, or dyspnea, that I often thought I was dying."

"Peaceful slumber was unknown to me. I would fall into a doze only to be awakened by the most horrible dreams, of the frightful character to describe, and in the morning instead of being refreshed and rested, I would be utterly exhausted."

I was attended at various times by every physician in the city, but none of them could do me any good, though I spent hundreds of dollars in my quest of health. About three months ago, Mrs. Elizabeth Drake, whom you perhaps know, spoke to my husband advising a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, stating that they had permanently cured her after years of suffering from milk leg, and he at once procured a supply for me.

By the time I had taken two boxes according to directions, for the first time in two years, I was able to enjoy peaceful and restful sleep, and as I continued to take them my health improved, so that now while using the fifth box, I feel quite recovered and my health is entirely restored. I still take two pills every night just before retiring, and wake up every morning perfectly happy."

I advise every one whom I hear complaining to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for although I recognize the fact that medicine will cure one, will not another, still as most diseases are due to a bad condition of the blood, Pink Pills in such cases will prove a certain cure. It is not natural that I should have the most unbounded faith in them. I am only too glad to bear testimony through your paper as to what they have done for me."

The above is an exact report of Mrs. Carlow's statement. CHARLES HARRIS, (Signed) Reporter, Emporia, Kan. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schuettstadt, N. Y.

#### Stork's Last Day's Run.

A Belgian nobleman once managed to catch 200 storks and labeled every one of them with a piece of paste-board, giving the address of the experimenter and requesting to inform him where the bird had been caught or killed during the winter season. These curious passports were attached in a conspicuous manner to the neck or leg of the birds, and one of them returned next spring with a message to the effect that he had been caught in a meadow near Sidi Belbez in western Algeria.

**Vibrating in Tuneful Accord** Like the strings of a musical instrument, the nervous system in health harmonizes pleasantly with the other parts of the system. It weakens or overpowers it, jangles most inharmoniously. Quiet and invigorate it with the great tranquilizer and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, bilious secretion and a regular action of the bowels, and prevents malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints.

**English in the Court Room.** "Who are those students with books under their arms?" "They're taking up the law." "And what's the old man in a gown back of that bench doing?" "Oh, he's laying it down."—New York Press.

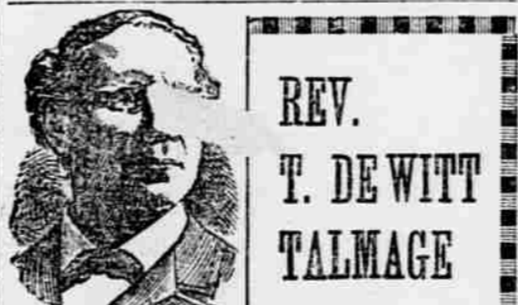
**For Sweet Charity.** The total revenue of the charitable institutions having their headquarters in London amounted to over 6,000,000 sterling—or, to be precise, £6,060,763.

When billious or colic, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

A good whist player nearly always drifts into poker.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

One cold, clammy woman with her nose turned up can ruin a reception.



REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile that not only yellows your eye-balls and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings."—and

Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed! You can be cured!

**How? By using**  
Safe Cure

We can give you incontrovertible proof from men and women, former sufferers,

But to-day well, and stay so.

There is no doubt of this. Twenty years experience proves our words true.

Write to-day for free treatment blank. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

### A Modern Way to Stop a Cough

As Told by a Prominent Law Minister. In a recent letter he says: "Many winters have I coughed all winter long. Twice have I been compelled to rest from my ministerial duties for a period of several years. When I took cold in winter the coughing would be intense. Last fall I took cold about the 15th of October, and was sick with it for about a week and began what I supposed was a winter of coughing. My wife called my attention to Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, and after much persuasion on her part, and a free expression (of a not flattering character) about patent medicines, on my part, I concluded to try the Lung Balm. I felt at once that it touched a place in my system that nothing else had ever done. I began to improve. I used about 5 boxes and can now preach without coughing. I keep it by me and if I take cold I use it. If I have a bronchial irritation after preaching I take Dr. Kay's Lung Balm. I can cheerfully say that the Lung Balm prepared by The Dr. H. J. Kay Medical Co. of Omaha, Neb., has been a great help to me. It has no bad effect upon the stomach. Respectfully yours, J. D. De Tan, Pastor M. E. Church, Spring Hill, Iowa, Des Moines Conference."

**The Adelsberg Cave.** The Adelsberg cave, with its recently discovered side caverns, has lately been carefully surveyed, in accordance with the instructions of the Austrian minister of agriculture, Count Falkenhayne. In the course of the operations some very beautiful parts of the cave, which could formerly be reached only with the greatest difficulty, were made easily accessible.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.** The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 50 cents.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### The Dutchman's Army.

Dutch military cycling volunteers have to pass a real examination before they are accepted for the maneuvers, but when passed they get 5 florins a day, first-class fare traveling and are lodged as officers at the expense of the state. They have to be able to ride sixty-three miles in seven hours and thirty-one miles in two hours and a half.

#### An Opportunity of a Life Time

To secure a first-class vehicle below cost to manufacture. We are closing out the stock formerly belonging to the Columbus Buggy Co. in Omaha, Neb., nothing reserved. Send for catalogue. J. H. HALSEY & SMITH CO. 1608-10-12 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

#### Take a Look.

Doctor (to Irish patient)—Do you sleep with your mouth open? Irish Patient—Shure. Oi don't know, doctor. Oi've never seen myself whin Oi've been asleep, but Oi'll have a look to-night!—Tit-Bits.

**Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.** The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark & Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

Most people like to be called bad in a laughing sort of a way.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

The good die young, but the bad outlive their usefulness.

Whoever chooses to use St. Jacobs Oil for Hurts or Bruises Will feel a CURE so SURE, Why—sometimes it amuses.

**ALABASTINE.** IT WON'T RUB OFF. Wall Paper is Unsatisfactory. KALSOMINE IS TEMPORARY, ROTTS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere. A Tint Card showing 12 desirable tints, also Alabastine Sample Book sent free to any one mentioning this paper. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**WE HAVE NO AGENTS** but have sold direct to the consumer for 24 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, Buggies, etc. of Harney. Top Buggies as low as \$25. Phaetons as low as \$30. Spring Wagons, Road Wagons, etc. Send for large, free Catalogue, shade, apron and riders, \$50. As good as new for \$20. ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND. This ad. will appear but once.

**In the Country.** He—Would your father object to my kissing you? She (indignantly)—My father! Why he wouldn't hear of such a thing.—Up to Date.

**CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets** CURE CONSTIPATION. REGULATE THE LIVER. ALL DRUGGISTS. 10¢ 25¢ 50¢. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the local laxative, never grip or cramp, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STEE & NG REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.